

BEST ATTAINABLE IMAGE
FROM DOCUMENT AVAILABLE

SHLOO'S

Quick case for the worst cough—quick relief to the heaviest cold—and Shloos Sold under a guarantee. Cures Coughs & Colds quicker than any other medicine—your money back. 24 years of success commend Shloos' Care. 25c., 50c., 1.00.

QUICKLY!

Drink, Prosperity, Marriage.
The tendency to matrimony is shown to be related to the comparative prosperity or adversity of the times. The number of marriages increases and decreases with the bank rate and the employed percentage. The influences which lead the people of the United Kingdom to marry more also lead them, it appears, to drink more. The consumption of alcoholic liquors a head of the population bears a very definite relation to the comparative prosperity or adversity of the period.—London Post.

A Thorough Pill.—To clear the stomach and bowels of impurities and irritants is necessary when their action is irregular. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are mild in action but purgative in effect, purgative painlessly and effectively, and a permanent cure. They can be used without fear, as they are delicately constituted, as there are no painful effects preceding their gentle operation.

Too Drastic.—I see by the paper, ma, that a guy assassin has been hanged.

"Waal, a assassin' boy is a great trial, but I don't think he's ought ter be hanged fer a Judge."

Preachers' Opinions

Rev. P. K. McKee, Forks Baddeck, O.B.: "I always count it a pleasure to recommend the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to my parishioners. I believe there is nothing better for throat and lung troubles or weakness or run-down system. For speaker's sore throat I have found Psychine very beneficial."

Rev. W. H. Stevens, Paisley, Ont.: "Psychine seemed just the stimulant my system needed. I shall add my testimony as to its efficacy at every opportunity."

Rev. R. M. Browne, Amherst Head, N.S.: "I have recommended Psychine since taking it myself, for it is a cure for the trouble you speak of."

Rev. Chas. Stirling, Bath, N.B.: "I have used Psychine in my family; the results were marvellous. I have visited people who state that they never used its equal. I strongly recommend it."

Rev. J. S. I. Wilson, Markdale, Ont.: "I have taken two bottles of Psychine and am pleased to say that I am greatly improved in health. I was troubled with my throat, but now I find it about restored to normal condition. I find my voice very much less taxing. I believe Psychine is all claimed for it."

These are earnest preachers of the gospel of Psychine. They know whereof they speak. Psychine cures all throat, lung and stomach troubles. It is a great voice strengthener, acting directly on the respiratory and digestive organs, thus specially adapted to public speakers. At all drug stores, 50c and 1.00, or Dr. A. C. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto.

Stella—Did she keep him at arm's length?
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Whereupon the publisher smiled broadly. "Young man," said he, "I won't help your case in the least to try to shift the blame on your parents."—Kansas City Journal.

WHOLE TOWN MENACED.

Bedford Endangered by Act of Discharged Workmen.

The town of Bedford, England, has had a remarkable escape from a serious catastrophe. The gas was suddenly turned off Friday night recently, when most of the residents were in bed and asleep. It is believed that some workman with a grievance turned off the supply tap maliciously.

All the gas jets which had been left burning throughout the town—in bedrooms, in the warming stoves of public houses, and in the shop windows—were put out.

The gas company supplies the railway signal lamps in the neighborhood, however, so the engineer was obliged to turn on the supply again. The gas escaped from all the burners which had been put out, and it is a wonderful circumstance that no explosion has been reported from any portion of the town.

Rev. Paul Wyatt, of the Savoy Chapel Royal, the chairman of the gas company, had, however, a narrow escape from prisoning.

He was awakened in the night by a feverish rattle, and, getting up with difficulty to reach a window and throw it open. Several other residents were similarly awakened.

Four employees at the gas works have been suspended pending inquiries.

ARMY AND CIGARETTES.

Remarkable Order by Gen. Grenfell to the Troops in Ireland.

With the object of discouraging cigarette-smoking Gen. Lord Grenfell, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, has issued an order to permit pipes only to be smoked on such occasions as when the troops are engaged after field operations and manoeuvres.

The order contains the following remarkable comment:

"The Commander of the Forces has, during recent visits to military hospitals, been again struck with the harm that the increasing prevalence of cigarette smoking is doing to the health of the army. It is not confined to the army, and Parliament is anxious to do what it can to check the evil. The Commander of the Forces has, therefore, decided to give earnest thought to combat what is gradually but really affecting its efficiency; and he requires all commanding officers to impress on those under their command the evils that must inevitably result from this excess."

Plague of Prickly Pears.

In eastern Australia there are at least 5,000,000 acres of land given over to the prickly pear, which has far surpassed any other good quality. T. S. Dunnet in The Empire Review.

Less than fifty years ago it was introduced as a hedge plant for which purpose it is admirable if its operations could be confined, but it has an insatiable ambition and has spread out over vast areas. It thrives in all sorts of soil.

There is no limit to its capacity as a grower. It will hang on to life for incredible periods, and even if left to rot it will bare rock for months maintain life until something comes along and shifts it to a more congenial locality.

Where it has the best hold it stands twenty feet high in a solid mass, and it is a great voice strengthener, acting directly on the respiratory and digestive organs, thus specially adapted to public speakers. At all drug stores, 50c and 1.00, or Dr. A. C. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto.

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Why I Recommend

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The Particulars of a Remarkable Cure Told by a Presbyterian Clergyman—The Sufferer Brought Back from Death's Door.

St. Andrew's Manse, Cardigan, P.E.I., Jan. 1908.

Though I have never been sick myself, and have not had occasion to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I thought you ought to know of the remarkable cure they have wrought in Mr. Olding's case.

During a visit to my home in Merionish, N.S., some years ago, I was grieved to find our next door neighbor and friend, Michael Olding, very low. "He is not expected to live," my mother informed me. "And you must go over and see him as he is liable to pass away at any moment."

"Not expected to live," that was the opinion not only of the doctor who attended him, but of his wife and family as well. Upon visiting him myself I found abundant evidence to confirm their opinion.

Mr. Olding had for years been afflicted with rheumatism and arthritis, but now a complication of diseases was ravishing his system. He had been confined to his bed for months and was reduced to a skeleton. Though evidently glad to see me, he conveyed such a sense of helplessness, and seemed to realize that this was the beginning of the end. He was daily more and more weak and swollen to twice their natural size, and the cold hand of death was upon him.

"It's no use my seeing him," said the doctor's medicine is not helping me and I am going down rapidly. I don't expect to see him for a long time, and when I do I shall expect to see him in the flesh."

Three years later while on another visit to my mother, Michael Olding was seemingly in better health than I

"They bore one, these society calls, don't you know," declared the young lady. "They bore one."

"Sometimes they bore two," responded the young man, taking the hint and likewise his departure. Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Pleasant Purgative—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded as to be pleasant to the taste, and are passed without any of the drastic effects of other purgatives, and the only equaling in gratifying effect. They are composed of vegetable substances the curative qualities of which were fully tested, they afford relief without chance of injury radical in its draft upon the soil than wheat, corn, or oats.

It is almost universally recognized by farmers of the North-West that the most profitable crop for new lands is the flax. It has been shown by the experiments of our chemist and agriculturists that the flax plant is less radical in its draft upon the soil than wheat, corn, or oats.

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had ever seen him, for, as I said, he had always been ailing. In sheer desperation he had asked his wife to get him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They soon began to help him. His appetite and strength began to improve, and to the astonishment of his family and friends he rapidly regained his health.

Now, though the burden of well nigh four score years is upon him, he is able to do a fair day's work, and is in the enjoyment of good health, even the asthma has ceased to trouble him as in former years.

Mr. Olding himself, as well as his neighbors and the writer of this letter, confidently believe that his rescue from the very jaws of death—seemingly so miraculous—is due under the blessing of God to the timely and continuous use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

REV. EDWIN SMITH, M.A.
Rev. Mr. Smith has written you about my wonderful cure, for I can confidently believe that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been dead long ago. It would be impossible to exaggerate the desperate condition I was in when I began to use the pills. No one thought I could get better. I was so weak and so much in pain that I could scarcely move. I had been ill for many years, and I had tried every remedy I could find. I had been told that I was a hopeless case, and I had given up all hope. But when I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I felt a new life in me. I began to eat and sleep, and my strength began to return. I am now as well as I can be, and I am able to do a fair day's work, and I am better in every way than I had been for many years. I am now in the prime of life, and I take every opportunity I can to recommend them to friends who are ailing.

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Money. Money. \$50,000

TO LOAN on Improved Farm
Lands at a Low Rate of
Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest
and no commission is charged.

Business strictly confidential.

INSURANCE
A SPECIALTY.
TOWNSITE PROPERTY FOR
SALE.

— SEE —
D. A. MacCrimmon

The Hay and Grain Man.
Crossfield.

ALBERTA
HOTEL,

Good
Accommodation
REASONABLE RATES.

M R. HANDLEY, Prop.

Crossfield
Livery
Delivers Finest
LETHBRIDGE
COAL—\$7 ton.

Good horses and rigs for hire
Draying.

F. R. Parker, Prop.

Crossfield
Restaurant.

Rooms for Transients.
First Class Meals Served from
6 a. m. till 11 p. m.
Traveler's Lunches a Specialty.
Excellent Cigars
ICE CREAM.
Fruit and Confectionery.
C. CALHOUN.

Palace
Meat
Market

Dealers in
All Kinds of Fresh and Salt
Meats.

Highest Cash Price Paid
For Dressed Pork, Poultry
and Hides.

W. M. Brandon.

The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta.

Editor—J. Mewhort.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1908

Notes and Comments.

The obstructionist portion of the opposition are still at their work of delaying the country's business. We wonder what M. S. McCarthy thinks of the proceedings now taking place at Ottawa. If he looks upon them with favor we cannot see that he is entitled to any further support from his progressive constituency. Time is money and to waste the country's time is to waste it's money. It is high time that a muzzle were put upon some of the long-winded, oratorical wasters of public time and money who only speak that they may see their names in the official reports of the proceedings of the house. When a member, no matter on what side he may be, is found to be speaking simply to delay business, the speaker should be put upon him as quickly as possible.

A western editor has come to the conclusion that the people who desire "puffs" in his paper must pay prices as follows:—For telling the public that a man is a successful citizen when everybody knows he is as lazy as a mule, \$2.75; referring to a deceased citizen as one who is mourned by the entire community, when he knows he will only be missed by the poker circles, \$1.08; referring to some gallivanting woman as an estimable lady when it is a pleasure to meet, \$3.10; calling an ordinary pulp-peddler an eminent divine, 40 cents; sending a tough sinners to heaven with poetry, \$5, cash with order.

All militia camps of Canada east of Winnipeg are to be cancelled and there will be no gunnery training for rural corps. It is probable there will be no militia corps sent to Quebec for the celebration in July. This is due to the refusal of the opposition to vote supply for the or any other purpose. Parliamentary expenditure is now greatly required, and cannot be held unless the money is voted this week. There is scarcely any hope that the small amount of funds now available to the militia department will be used in holding camp for the four western provinces as usual.

The British Columbia shingle combine has been broken and dealers are vying with each other to secure orders before prices fall any lower. Association prices, which have been ruling for the past year, have all been smashed. The trouble culminated several days ago when a large shipment was sold in the East at \$2.10 per thousand at a time when quotations were supposed to be \$2.40. Since then large sales have been made at prices from \$1.80 to \$1.90.

Hon. Frank Oliver introduced the Western Lands bill in the Commons last Friday. He explained the principle of the bill was the same as last year respecting pre-emption at \$3 an acre of an additional 100 acres by homesteaders, but the area restricted to which it applies will now effect only the district north of the international boundary to Battleford, between Calgary and Moose Jaw.

AIRDRIE.

Watch Airdrie grow!

Presbyterian services at 7:30 p. m.

Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.

Mr. J. M. Windsor left for a trip to his old home on Saturday last.

Mr. Richardson is getting his departmental store fixed up nicely.

Mr. Dodd has loaded a car of settlers effects for B. C.

J. Holgate's window was broken again last week.

William Downie has returned from the Coast.

William Borton has loaded a few cars of hay.

Watch the gow pasture for lovers.

Tommy looks good in his new football shoes.

Vincent's trail is getting very muddy. How is the raft lodge.

Apply to Jeffrey Airdrie for right time.

THE CLEARING HOUSE

Methods of the Big Bank Exchange in New York City.

MARCH OF THE MESSENGERS.

The Way Millions of Millions of Dollars in Checks Change Hands in a Few Minutes in the Daily Balancing of Accounts Between Banks.

"Clearing!" That word is the order for the shuffling of many feet and the pattering of thick envelopes upon hard wood. Men with leather bags hung against their chests like bass drums pass up and down rows of desks, each other men sit and as they go by doily hand out brown paper packages containing the equivalent of millions in gold. Thus do the banks of New York transfer money each business day.

As vast as the figures involved in the operation are, they do not make an impress upon the mind. One is more apt to wonder whether the gray haired messenger in the blue serge suit would survive in disorganizing the line if he gave the wrong envelope to bank No. 40 and if so, whether he would be condemned forever by his associates. But in one seems to make a mistake, and the visitor has no reason to worry about the possibility of misdirection. Orders even for half a second. The machinery of the clearing house is almost too perfect to slip a cog to show signs of activity as early as 12:30 o'clock.

The clearing house begins to show signs of activity as early as 12:30 o'clock. When the vanquish of bank runners makes its appearance. They travel in pairs and are usually young men, though the veterans have not all retired. Their badge of office is a bag, any sort of bag, suit case, telescope, kit bag, canvas bag. Sometimes it has the name of the bank it came from printed across the top. More often it bears no distinguishing mark.

Further, the identity is frequently hidden behind an exceedingly shabby exterior. That is perhaps a virtue. At all events, it is not considered good form to be looking clerical in the clearing house. A strong lag even though it be old and chafed is just as good a vehicle for a fortune as a new one and is less likely to draw largess in the heart of a man. So this is the reason why the young men who sweep up the war-torn streets look so different. They are carrying bags filled with their own clothing instead of other persons' checks. Self-conscious they are not despite the loads they carry, and one might well imagine they were going upstairs to change their garments for gymnasium suits.

But when the visitor reaches the floor above and enters the little gallery at one end he realizes that not basket ball, but another game, is to be played. Already the players are preparing to take their positions. At the side walls are benches on which delivery clerks are sitting, their legs at their sides, their hands on their knees. They are seated in a row of compartments, to the front of which are aisles. If occupied, the name plates of different banks. Beyond the first is a second counter and between the two a rack for hats and overcoats. A broad aisle with more benches and hatracks separates the two rows of counters from duplicates on the opposite side of the room. Settling clerks, who take their places on high stools behind the outer rows of counters, face the walls. Those at the inner counters face the center aisle. At the elbows of the settling clerks stand their assistants, who are required to sign the exchange slips presented with each package of checks.

As the clock ticks 10 one glances from the high dome, with its rows of electric lights, to the scene below. The clerks at the compartments have made themselves comfortable. The messengers standing at ease before them have slung their bags and are ready. A minute passes. A man appears at the rear of the gallery and rings a gong twice. Eyes below are applied and he makes an announcement about out of town banks that will hereafter clear through different correspondents. That is not of particular interest, but he pauses briefly and then utters the magic word, "Clearing!"

The messenger for bank No. 1 crosses the room at one end of the counters and takes the place of No. 97, who has moved down a pace. Simultaneously fifty other men have taken a step forward, and the tapping and scripping of feet come regularly. No. 1 has slipped an envelope down before the clerk at No. 97's compartment, dropped a ticket into a slot, offered an exchange slip for signing and passed on to No. 96 without uttering a word. Each of No. 97's associates has duplicated his performance in every detail, and so the exchanges, as they are called, have been fairly started.

In the meantime the settling clerks are doing their share of the work. Long sheets of paper in front of them are being filled out with the total amounts of the checks presented by the men who are circling about the counter, making, none the less, but not

impressing anything with their feet. Suddenly, when you are just beginning to understand what it is all about, a halt is called. No one says anything, but every one stops. You ask why, and some one says the exchanges have been completed. You ask how \$300,000,000 can change hands in exactly fifteen minutes by the clock, and the same person looks at you with a pitying smile and remarks, "Why, you've just seen it done."

There is marked silence for a moment after the feet have stopped moving. The crowd in the room begins to thin out for the delivery clerks are going, taking with them the packages of checks which have been deposited with the settling clerks. The latter still have work to do. Their assistants rescue the little tickets from the compartments into which they were dropped, and the settling clerks scan the amount of them to see if they agree with the totals on the exchange slips.

When first he entered the room the settling clerk gave the proof clerk in the manager's gallery the amount of the checks he brought with him. Now he ascertains the total of the amount deposited with him. Soon he is able to tell whether his bank has a debt or credit balance, and this information he communicates to the proof clerk. Then clearing houses know exactly how much cash will have to be moved from bank to bank in adjusting balances.

Forty-five minutes is the limit allowed for making the exchanges and settling the balances, and fines may be imposed if the allotted time is exceeded. But it is rarely necessary to impose fines, so rapid is the work of the messengers and so simple the system of exchange. Most of the work is done before the messengers get to the clearing house. The checks for exchange with other banks are enclosed in separate envelopes, and these envelopes are arranged in consecutive order in the delivery clerk's bag, so no needless delay in depositing them is eliminated.

To make the clearing finally complete it is of course necessary to exchange the cash. "Accordingly," says James G. Cannon in his book on "Clearing Houses," "before half past 1 o'clock each debtor bank complies with the requirements of the constitution, pays into the clearing house the amount of its debit balance and obtains a receipt for the same, signed by the assistant manager. After half past 1 o'clock the creditor banks receive at the clearing house their respective balances and give their receipts for the same in a book provided for that purpose. But in no case can a creditor bank receive its balance until all the debtor banks have paid in."

A MARKET IN MOROCCO.

The Best Place to Study the Ways of the Wily Natives.

The place of all places to see the Moorish people is at their markets, for every class and kind of them is there, and when you have seen one market you have seen them all, for there is a racial similarity in the Moors the world over.

The first thing about a Moorish market that attracts the attention of a traveler is the far-reaching odor, for, rather, the multiplicity of odors, for there is a composite character about the smells from the market that cannot be equalled anywhere outside of China. Before you can even hear the continual wangle and jangle of the market noise you can smell it.

Once these the interminable jumble of things and folks is disconcerting, and the evidence of dirt everywhere takes from the Moorish man all desire to deal in staples, for the Moors seem to be wholly impossible to dirt of any kind and they have no aversion to objection to fruit and berries that have come in unprotected over miles of dusty and sandy roads.

These people are natural traders, second to none in their ability to obtain the highest possible price or equally ready willingness to let the article go for a mere trifling rather than making a sale.

They will begin the price of a lamb at 3 shillings and after a little haggling will come down to 1 shilling, but if you move on they will thrust the lamb into your hand and ask you to give them anything for it that you will, and it is a sale, no difference how small may be your offer.

In nearly all countries the everywhere present and always the same doleful cry is an inevitable adjunct of a Moorish market. The whole annual kingdom would be searched through in vain to find any creature more wholly devoid of impulse and sentiment than this tumbledown little beast.

Like a fatalist philosopher, he is wholly resigned to the order of things, and nothing can cause him to stir from the even tenor of his ways. Caring and even fond to do so, he adds nothing to his satisfaction, and his resignation in flesh and blood. And no Moorish market is complete without him by the score—World's Events Magazine.



Court Prairie Flower No. 1157

Meets the first Saturday of every month in the O & A hall. Visiting brethren always welcome. For further information write any of the brethren.
Geo. W. Boyce, Johnstone McCool, Sec. 88.

C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Will attend Crossfield Court on Oct. 9th

Carstairs, Alberta.

Dr. LARGE,

Dentist, Carstairs,
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield, Every Thursday.
AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE
Every Day, Except Wednesday and Thursday.

Crossfield Hairdressing and

Shaving Parlor.
Robert Cronkite, Proprietor.
Treatment of Pimples and Dandruff a Specialty.
CHARGES MODERATE.

P. C. COWLING & CO.

Real Estate
Improve and Unimproved Farm Lands.
Stock Ranches and Town Lots.
Insurance and Loans.
Crossfield, Alberta, Canada.

Public Notice.

No refuse or rubbish of any kind shall be allowed to be dumped in the slough immediately west of town on Oiler Street but it shall be hauled further on and dumped into the large slough until further notice.

By order of the Council:
C. HULTGREN,
Secy-Treas.

FOR SALE—Ten pigs, ready to take away on the third of June, Price \$5 a pair.

H. Boddy,
On the old Lot Place, 4 miles S. E. Crossfield.

FOR SALE.

By private bargain.
Massey-Harris Mower,
Wagon Rack,
Cook Stove and some dishes.
Rather Small Scales.
Three framed pictures.
For particulars apply to Chronicle Office.

FOR SALE.

"Royal Briton," a Registered Stallion, For Sale, between 1600 and 1700 lbs.; bay; 8 years old. Price \$800. Terms to suit. Seen 5 miles N. W. of Crossfield, 6 miles south of Carstairs.
Mark Amussen.

G. T. JONES—Cattle branded 20 on left ribs. Split in both ears. 80 lbs.

G. W. Boyce

Practical Painter
And
Paperhanger

Kalsomining, Tinting,
Graining, Gilding, Glazing,
And all kinds of Painting.

Agent for
EMPIRE
WALL-PAPER

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Bargains
Hay Press; Chatham Incubator and Brooder; Horns and Buggy; Top grinder; 6 ft. Disc; Mule Colt; Tread power; Square Plank. Apply for further information to Chronicle Office.

WANTED

Some Good Milch Cows
Apply to R. L. Boyle
One and a half miles north-west of town.

By the Short Cut

By MATTIE BARNES.

Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham.

Sparville was grateful to Henry Griswold. Not since the engagement of McLaughlin's suitors two months before had the town had so much to talk about.

Nine years ago Hank Griswold had gone to the city in his Sunday pepper and salt suit, with cowhide boots and cloth cap to complete his costume. Now he had returned Henry Griswold, and to the splendours of well tailored clothes he added the magnificence of a fur lined coat and shoes and hat equally glossy.

Sparville was accustomed to fur coats, but with the fur outside, while Henry showed only the cloth. Patent leather shoes, too, every day in the week were regarded with awe not unmixed with envy.

Even more interesting was the evident interest Griswold displayed in Nellie Morrison. They had been sweethearts in the old school days and had kept up a correspondence, a fact disseminated by the postmaster, but it was evident that Griswold had come home with the intention of cutting out Ben Pierce, who escorted Nell home from church Sunday evenings and otherwise gave evidence of ultimate serious intentions.

Public sentiment was largely in favor of Ben. Had Sparville been so frivolously minded as to indulge in betting the odds would have been about three to one in his favor, for Henry had seemed to lose interest in skating and counting and other winter sports in which Sparville delighted.

He visited the pond and the coasting hill, but merely as a spectator, and at such times Nell, fully conscious that the exercise brought a stronger glow to her cheeks and an added sparkle to her eyes, was most inclined to bestir him.

Griswold ascribed her treatment to a desire to display her powers of co-

quetry, but little use of their possession.

The sun was dipping toward the hills on the other side of the valley and most of the coaters had gone home when Nell settled herself for her last ride. Ben had stooped to tie his shoe laces, and Nell looked over her shoulder.

"Who catches my keep," he called as the sled gathered momentum. Ben sprang to his feet and ran for his sled, throwing himself upon it and starting off at a terrific pace.

Griswold gave one glance at the flying figure far ahead. He knew that Ben's sled was not as good as Nell's and that he would catch her until she reached the bottom of the incline.

There was just one chance for himself, and, throwing off his coat, he caught up the pointer that Jimmie Sweeney had just brought up to the top of the hill.

At the foot of the field was a place where two lengths of the fence had fallen in, and there were two or three similar breaks where he stood. It was the work of an instant to step through one of these and throw himself face downward upon the sled.

Grasping with both hands and feet, Griswold shot down the steep declivity. It was several years since he had been on a sled, but it all came back to him, and he was able to keep his seat.

He was just about to talk to the sled for the remainder of the season he steered his flying sled in and out between the stumps, shoving the bark here and dodging a trunk there just as a fractured skull seemed imminent. It took but a few seconds to accomplish the journey, but to Griswold it seemed years before he shot through the opening of the fence and with a last terrific effort swung himself into the air.

Just ahead were the smart grey jacket and saucy little hat that he was pursuing, and as he shot past he caught the runner of Nell's sled.

"Who catches my keep," he quoted as he steered the two sleds into the open snow beside the road to permit Ben to pass them.

"How did you do it?" demanded Nell wonderingly.

"Did you think it would be Ben?" he countered. The girl shook her head.

"I wanted to see if you would make an effort," she explained shyly. "All the way down I heard Ben shouting, and I was afraid that he was alone."

"It was," explained Griswold. "I caught the short way."

Nell looked at the runner marks where Griswold had come through the sled's place in the snow and then at the stumps dotted hill.

"You came straight down?" she gasped.

"It was the only way," he said quietly.

"Ben already had a lead on the road, and I knew that I should have to take the short cut in order to beat him."

Nell looked him over sternly. The thin leather of his shoes was cut and torn, and here and there was a rent in his clothing where he had struck a tree. The gloves hung in shreds from the scratched handle, and his necktie waved under his left ear.

"You go back and get your coat," she commanded. "Then we'll go home and tell mother and Harry. I'm awfully glad that you win," she added as he turned away to obey the command. "I didn't think you would, but I never dreamed you would come back so early. No one has dared before."

"No one else had you at the end of the sled," she explained, with a laugh, as she slipped her hand in his and they started up the hill after his coat.

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BURNED FOR CENTURIES.

Curious Stories of the Wonderful Lamp of the Ancients.

When the tomb of Pallas, son of Evander, who is mentioned by Virgil, was discovered about the twelfth century by a Neapolitan digger near Rome, it is said that a lamp was still burning over his head, which must have been lighted more than 2,000 years before.

Baptista Porta in his treatise on natural magic relates that about 1500 a marble sepulcher of the Roman period was discovered in an island near Naples. On opening the room was found a vial containing a burning lamp. The lamp became extinct on breaking the vial and exposing the lamp to the open air. It was supposed that it had been concealed before the Christian era, and those who saw it reported that the lamp emitted a splendid flame.

In 1500 a remarkable lamp was found near Alotres, Padua, by a rustic, who unearthed a terra cotta urn containing another urn in which was a lamp placed between two cylindrical masses of gold and the object of silver. Each was full of a very pure liquid by whose virtue the lamp had kept shining upward of 1,500 years.

This curious lamp was not meant to scare away evil spirits from a tomb, but was an offering to the gods, and the profound knowledge of Maximus Olympius, who effected this wonder by his skill in the chemical art.

THE DOWAGERS.

Titled Widows Go to the Rear in the Social Occasion.

Little sympathy is bestowed on titled widows after the first few days of their bereavement. Of course when an earl or a countess remains a countess, but with the unwelcome addition of "dowager," which often is misleading as far as her age is concerned.

Thackeray, although he professed good breeding, looked on dowager duchesses as fair targets for sarcasm.

So did Mr. Martin, Hartford, Ontario, choir leader at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, writes: "I have been troubled with catarrh for a great many years, and always trying something for it, but was able only to secure temporary relief until I used Peruna. Only five bottles rid my system of all traces of catarrh, and I have not noticed the slightest trouble for several months. My head was stopped up, my breath offensive, and my person unclean. I am now as healthy as ever."

Manufactured by THE PERUNA DRUG MANUFACTURING COMPANY, COLUMBUS, OHIO, U. S. A.

Ordinary widows may have better chances for matrimony than debutantes, though that is doubtful. Dowagers seldom contract new marriages, for few men have courage to lead them to the altar.

The dowager is the only member of society they make the best of the custom that dictates they shall follow meekly in the wakes of their fathered daughters-in-law.

The Notary in France.

The notary is a most important person in all our courts. In France, Everybody consults him. The big landowner when he has disputes with his peasants, or the right of society they make the best of the custom that dictates they shall follow meekly in the wakes of their fathered daughters-in-law.

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PERUNA IN THE HOME



RESIDENCE AND PHOTO OF J. E. CARSON, TORONTO, CAN.

Mr. J. E. Carson, 218 St. Clarendon Ave., Toronto, Canada, Inspector London Life Insurance Co., London, Canada, writes:

"I have used the popular remedy known as Peruna, and I can testify as to its merits. I regard it as one of the best tonics now on the market."

TORONTO is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It is a city of homes and churches, a city of intelligence and good government, a city of healthful climate and beautiful scenery.

Among the many beautiful homes which make up the city of Toronto, is the home of J. E. Carson, 218 St. Clarendon Ave. In this home Peruna is revered as a family medicine.

Peruna can boast of being a fixture in over a million such happy homes on this continent, where it is used for the petty ailments that afflict the family.

Coughs and colds, catarrh of the head and throat, sore throat in various forms, disturbances of digestion, catarrh of the stomach, and other internal organs. These ailments, petty in themselves, are often the beginning of very serious diseases.

A dose or two of Peruna taken in the beginning may quickly avert tedious if not fatal illnesses.

Head Stopped Up. Mr. G. W. Martin, Hartford, Ontario, choir leader at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, writes:

"I have been troubled with catarrh for a great many years, and always trying something for it, but was able only to secure temporary relief until I used Peruna. Only five bottles rid my system of all traces of catarrh, and I have not noticed the slightest trouble for several months. My head was stopped up, my breath offensive, and my person unclean. I am now as healthy as ever."

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AUCTION SALE

Farm Stock, Implements and Household Effects.

Having received instructions from Mr. F. N. Haight I will sell by Public Auction on S. E. Quarter of Sec. 2, Tp. 29, r. 29, W of 4th Mer., Three miles east of Crossfield on Tp. line

On Monday, June 15th,

The Following:

HORSES.

3 1 year old colts
3 2 " " "
Team matched drivers young
3 mares, 8 yrs old

CATTLE.

8 milch cows
2 yoke oxen, well broke
Durham bull
Steer, 4 yr. old

HOGS

8 fat hogs, if not previously sold

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS

Home Comfort steel range
Singer Sewing Machine
Bedroom set
Extension table
Book case and books
Good coal heater
Bedsteads

IMPLEMENTS.

Wagon, steel skein
Democrat
Bob sleigh
2 Discs
Deering mower
Horse rake
Stacker and sweep
Harrow
Gang plow
Walking Plow
Scuffler
2 sets harness
40 bus. Alta. Red seed wheat
100 hens and quantity young chickens
And other articles too numerous to mention.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON.

Sale Commences at One O'Clock Sharp.

TERMS OF SALE.---All sums of \$20 and under cash; over that amount six months credit will be on given approved joint bankable notes bearing interest at eight per cent. Ten per cent discount for cash on all credit amounts.

F. N. HAIGHT,
Proprietor.

JAS. McCOOL,
Auctioneer.

AN UMBRELLA
EPISODE.

By Temple Bailey.

Copyright, 1917, by Homer Ferguson.

Luttrell, coming down the steps of the elevated station, saw ahead of him a girl with cherries in her hat.

The cherries and the dark blue ribbons were really about all that he could see of her, for he looked down on the top of her head, but as she turned the corner going down he caught a glimpse of wavy brown hair and of a trim white collar that came up to meet it.

When he reached the door of exit he found the girl with the cherries there. Seen thus at close range she proved to be about as high as Luttrell's heart. Her gown was of dark blue like the ribbons of her hat, and she carried a book in her hand.

She was gazing anxiously into the street. It was raining hard, and the street lamps, lighted early, cast glistening reflections across the wet pavement.

The girl with the cherries had no umbrella. As Luttrell passed her she unfolded an infinitesimal square of



"IT'S MY BIG BROTHER," SAID THE LITTLE CLEAR VOICE.

handkerchief and laid it carefully over the front brow of her hat. It left the cherries out in the rain, but with a quick glance around she sped up the sidewalk.

Luttrell, taking long steps, reached her without effort. "If you will let me," he said, "I will hold my umbrella over the cherries."

She looked up, startled. In the gloom she could not see his face, but there was no hint of disrespect in his voice, and her hat was new.

"Oh, if you will," she said in a prim little way, and for a few minutes they walked on in silence.

"We might talk," Luttrell suggested, about the weather. It's a good conventional subject and never commits you to anything in the way of acquaintance."

The girl laughed at that. "I am not quite sure how to treat the situation. You see, it's a little unusual to let a man you don't know walk home with you."

"Suppose we act as if we had known each other all our lives and say the things we would say under those circumstances."

"Under those circumstances," said the little clear voice in the dark, "I should say, 'Goodness, what an awful night!'"

"And I should say," was Luttrell's grave response, "Little friend, why are you out on this alone?"

"Oh," came stammering, "I went to the library, and when I came out it was almost dark and, to cap the climax, it rained."

"And your hat would have been ruined if fate had not kept me downtown late too. And it's such a pretty hat," he added reflectively.

"Oh!" said the clear little voice again, and then there was another silence.

Far up the street under a corner lamp they could just discern a big man plodding along, weighted down by two umbrellas.

"It's my big brother," said the little clear voice, and then timidly: "Would you mind—going on alone? You see, he might not understand my letting you go, but my hat is new—and—"

"I understand perfectly," Luttrell told her. "But big brothers are sometimes dense. I have a little sister myself, and I like to look after her pretty closely, and that's why I looked after you."

He had gone into the darkness before she could thank him. But from the shadows he watched her fly along the intervening space and come up to

her big brother. And he heard her say in that clear little voice: "It was so good of you to come after me, Bob." And then they went along together through the driving storm, and Luttrell was left alone.

After that on his way home from office he found himself looking for the girl with the cherry hat. But girls came and girls went, but never the right one, and so the months passed and the winter came, and there were no cherries on any of the hats, and Luttrell gave up his quest in despair.

But always he held in his heart the memory of the clear little voice that had talked to him so confidently in the darkness of the rainy autumn night.

One night he dropped into a fashionable downtown restaurant for dinner, and at the next table there was a big man and a girl in a drooping hat of pale blue. Her gown was of the same color, and around her neck she wore a collar of pearls.

She was a vision of exquisite beauty, and there was about her a haunting quality that made Luttrell look at her more than once. Where had he seen her?

And even as he questioned the vision said in a clear little voice: "Bob, I do believe it is raining. If we go out, we shall have a cab!"

It was the girl with the cherry hat. No other had such a voice, and there was the wavy brown hair. And in the brilliant light he beheld clearly for the first time the gray eyes and the delicate pink and white of the oval face. Why, the little girl was a beauty!

"You shall have two cabs," she said. "You wish," he heard the big man say gleefully. "We wouldn't want to chaperon that stunning young woman."

At the sound of that big, booming voice Luttrell stared, and then he bridged the distance between the two tables and dropped his hand on the other man's shoulder.

"Bob Raymond," he said, "I thought I couldn't be mistaken in the voice. But you've grown some. Bobbie, I used to pitch you off of the campus fence."

Raymond wrung his hand, beaming. "She," he said to the vision in blue, "is Mark Luttrell. You've heard me tell about our college pranks. Mark, he is my kid sister."

She smiled up at Luttrell from under the brim of the broad hat. "Bob forgets that I am grown up," she said, and Luttrell saw that as yet she had not recognized him as the man of the umbrella episode.

"I remember your picture," stood on Bob's chin," he told her. "You were your hair in pigtail, but you were awfully pretty, and I fell in love with you."

"Oh!" she said, blushing beautifully. "Sit down and have dinner with us," Raymond insisted. "Felicia and I have the evening before us. It's raining, so we might as well stay here for awhile."

He turned to give an order to the waiter, and Luttrell leaned toward Felicia.

"If you will let me," he said, "I will hold my umbrella over the cherries."

There was dead silence for a moment, and then she whispered nervously to Raymond: "You're kidding! Oh, what did you think of me?"

"I wished that I might hold an umbrella over you for the rest of my life," he said fervently.

Her dimples came out in full force. "I am afraid you would get awfully tired," she said, but her eyes drooped before his glance.

"Come up and see us," Bob said that night as they parted.

It was the condition, said Luttrell as he held the fur lined wrap for the vision in blue, "that you let me fall in love with your sister."

"Felicia?" he asked scornfully. "She's nothing but a kid."

"I am old enough to know my own mind, Bob," said Felicia with spirit.

"And what is your mind?" Luttrell asked as they went down the hall together.

"Her eyelashes swept her cheeks and hid her eyes. 'I don't know,' she said demurely. 'Perhaps—perhaps you had better come—and find out.'"

Mitigation.

After a chase of many thousand miles the umbrella had been caught.

"At least I can say," he remarked cheerfully, "that I gave the people a run for their money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Didn't Work.

"Doc," said the man who was trying to get a free prescription, "what's the best thing to take for a cold?"

"Competent medical advice, my friend,"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

As Usual.

Newspop (wearily)—It must be time to get up my dear Mr. Newspop—Did you hear the clock strike 3? Newspop—No, but the baby has fallen asleep.

"The Man Behind the Gun."

Recruit (to instructor at rifle practice)—Please, sir, do 'e ave to pull muck' order at this, we're five hundred yards at the two hundred yards!—London Punch.

THE GANGES.

Ancient Legends of the Sacred River of the Hindoos.

From an icy cavern at the foot of a Himalayan snow-belt more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea issues a small stream which becomes the mighty Ganges, flowing for 1,500 miles through India to the bay of Bengal, and of whose course every foot is holy ground.

With Mother Ganga, as the pious Hindoos reverently call her, no river on earth can compare in sanctity.

The old poem tells us that the heavenly Ganges flowed from the toe of Vishnu and was brought down from heaven by the prayers of the saint Bhagiratha to purify the ashes of the 30,000 sons of King Sagara, who had been burnt by the angry giants of the sage Kapila.

Ganga was angry at being brought down from heaven, and to save the earth from her impetuous rush she taught the river on his brow and with his matted locks checked its course.

The legend goes on to tell how the descent of the Ganges disturbed the sage Jahnui in the performance of his religious duties, whereupon in his rage he cursed the river, but she was so relent and permitted it to flow from his ear.

END OF THE WORLD.

One Scientific Theory of How Our Planet May Perish.

A scientific forecast of how the end of the world might come has been given by Professor Ellard Gore. His theory is that final cataclysm may possibly be the result of a collision between the sun and some dark, dead, ferret planet.

Although astronomers have no actual proof that such a dark exist, without life or light and careering about in space, they believe it quite possible. The result of a collision between the sun and dark planet would be that the former's light and heat would be enormously increased and the earth instantly destroyed by combustion.

Professor Gore tells how we should be warned of our approaching doom. When about 15,000,000 miles from the sun the dark body would begin to shine by reflected light. In about ten years it would have become so bright as to be visible to the naked eye. In fifteen years it would be brighter than any object except the moon. Very soon afterward would come the great catastrophe which would end in 400,000 miles a second, with the sun moving at the same speed."

Proverbs of Siam.

It has been said, "Tell me a people's proverbs, and I will tell you what sort of people they are." Judged in this way, the Siamese are a people of the present. The Menan, their chief river, is to Siam what the Nile is to Egypt, and the elephant, tiger and crocodile are their symbols.

Here are a few of their proverbs: "When you go into the woods, do not forget your knife and axe, for you may not carry across the stream" (because of the crocodile). "An elephant, though he has four legs, may slip, and a doctor may be right."

"Go up by land, you meet a tiger; go down by water, you meet a crocodile" (there are difficulties on all sides).

"The man who is in the race named in the individual." "If a dog bite you, do not bite him again." "He who lives under the sky should not be afraid of the rain." "Courage is no worse than a timber" (be careful in the choice of friends).—London Scraps.

Friday Comes but Once a Week.

Friday is the weekly fund. Everything goes wapper jawed, and the sailor man who sails his own boat for whales and the man who killed a friend on a Friday meet his end.

On a Friday trade is slack, all the trains run off the track; William Deane, an amuse, draws \$10 and ten days; bricks fall from buildings high, break your neck and make you cry; servants, dress and from shoulder to ankle come and snort around. Offer: Subscribers in a pet come to swear at the Gazette. Every one is feeling blue, everything is laid out, to get some comfort we may seek. Friday comes but once a week.

Presciently.

Johnston to wife—Well, Maria, I'm going to stay at home with you today and help you to tidy up the house. I'll pack down the carpets and hang up the pictures to be hung with.

Mrs. Johnston to the children—Children, you may go over to grandma's and stay all day. (Aside: I know my husband is a deacon of the church, but for all that he's just as apt to bit his thumb with a hammer as any other man).—London Tit-Bits.

How She Fell.

Stella—So you kissed the young person in the dark hall, thinking it was your brother? You must have felt awfully chummy when you discovered you had kissed a girl. What a cheap! Why I felt like a Friday remnant at a Monday bargain sale.

TAILLESS CATS.

Considerable Doubt Still Exists as to Their Origin.

M. Gustave Lohel, a naturalist charged with a mission to the Isle of Man, has just published a long report of a visit to that island, where he was able to observe the existence of tailless cats, about which there is a lack of precise data, which Darwin studied for some time.

It is rather surprising that there is a divergence of views on the characteristics of the animal at present. It is nevertheless recognized that it is rare. M. Gustave Lohel had difficulty in procuring a Maux cat, the seller asking from 375 to 625 francs each.

There is much discussion about the coats of these cats. Some people say they are black, others sandy, others again variegated. As for the tail, some say they have tails without having them; others say that, though there is no tail, yet there is some. M. Lohel says that the tail is reduced to a sinewy, knotted, twisted fillet under the skin. The posterior part of the animal is well developed, as if that part were cut off by the tail and absorbed. This gives the animal a distinctive form.

Did the species originate locally? This cannot be said. On the other hand, in a Dorsetshire village there is a number of tailless cats, progeny of a female cat which lost her tail through accident.

Did the species come from a distant quarter? This again is possible. The common ancestor of the cat, dating from the ninth century ("Laws of the Welsh Prince Hoel"), as a rare animal of recent date. The tailless cat is only known from the beginning of the nineteenth century. Or did this species come from a wrecked vessel coming from Persia, where cats of this kind in diameter have been abundant, or Japan, Malaya or the Crimea, where the existence of cats without tails is recorded?

As a matter of fact, no record is known for certain. M. G. Lohel records that cats without tails have a profound knowledge of the ordinary cat. He has, moreover, come across another interesting variety in the Isle of Man, a species of chickens without wings. Possibly the climate is unfavorable for the development of posterior appendages.—From L'Espresso.

The Clock that Memory Plays.

It's mighty easy to be well cocksure about something that isn't.

The other day a woman attending an affair at the Colonial club reported the loss of an expensive fur negligee that she had worn there that afternoon. Yes, she was sure she had lost it there, the said negligee, she remembered just where she had stood when she lost it. Several women with her also remembered noticing it when she came in. One of them recalled that she had admired it particularly. There wasn't much question that it was lost in some of the club rooms. But as the woman was about to start home a friend called her on the telephone and told her that she had left the fur at the friend's home earlier in the day.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Quite Popular.

Mrs. A.—And are your neighbors fond of you? Mrs. B.—Very. Just think when I told them I was wanted to move, but couldn't afford to, they offered to pay all our moving expenses.—London News.

Consider the Birds of the Air.

An eminent ornithologist calls attention to the fact that a crane can travel through the air a thousand miles by day without flapping its wings, but by merely keeping them stretched and adjusted to the prevailing breeze. A hawk can stay in the air for days and weeks, moving with its wings motionless. It is the same with the gulls and numerous other winged creatures. In studying the science of aerostatics consider the birds of the air.

For Winter Use.

A lady farmer planted a garden. She was very proud of her prospective peas, but when her husband asked if they were ripe she said, "Oh, they haven't come up yet."

"Haven't come up yet? Why, the season's nearly over?"

"Yes," she said, "but I planted canned peas. I think they come up a little late."

Laundry Lines.

Silk handkerchiefs washed in clear water with pure castile soap look like new.

Many washerwomen, in order to prevent the iron from sticking to a starched article when pressing it, take the precaution to add a little soap water to the starch.

In boiling clothes, especially fine linens and lingerie materials, in a wash boiler always put in a bag. This prevents the possibility of rust stains. The best bag for this purpose may be made from unbleached muslin.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Harold McCormick of Chicago is said to have ordered a thirty volume set of Browning's works to be bound at \$1,000 a volume.

Miss Theodora Shonts, who is to marry the son of a duke in western Massachusetts, is a linguist. Her maternal grandfather was the late Governor Drake of Iowa.

One of the peaks of the Carbon range in Alaska has been named Mount Grace in honor of Miss Grace McDonald of Menasha, Wis., who was the first woman to scale it.

Although blind and partially paralyzed, Mrs. Catherine Suay of Oxford, Mass., celebrated her one hundred and sixtieth birthday by smoking her pipe. She has smoked since she was ten.

Mrs. Mary K. Michael of Hamilton, O., is an expert plasterer and paper-hanger. Her husband, a plasterer, is a hard worker and is sometimes so pressed with business that he cannot get through it all. Then Mrs. Michael leaves her household labors and helps him.

Mrs. Caroline C. Furbush of Greenfield has one of the finest collections of books and autographs in western Massachusetts. She has also a collection of rare china. Her library of 7,000 or 8,000 volumes contains many rare calligraphic and literary works. Some of her books are exceedingly rare.

Mrs. Ida Lewis Wilson, of Ida Lewis, is a more popularly known, keeper of the lights in Narragansett, the southern end of Newport harbor, has again been honored for bravery in saving lives during her long service as a keeper of the light. She has been received from Andrew Carnegie that he has placed her name on his private list of the most heroic women of the 30th a month during her lifetime.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

Professor Percival Lowell, the famous authority on Mars, has new pictures of the planet which corroborate in a striking manner his theory that it is the abode of intelligent life.

Two years will elapse before another opposition of the planet Mars, when it makes a still nearer approach to the earth than in 1907, and after that no favorable opposition will occur for a period of fifteen years.

Tests of a clock recently installed in a Cleveland observatory have proved that the mechanism is so accurate that the clock will not vary more than fifteen one-thousandths of a second from the exact time in twenty-four hours.

This is considered to be nearly as steady and reliable as the sun itself.

By a new French process milk powder is produced by forcing the liquid under high pressure through a tube only one two-hundred-and-thirtieth of an inch in diameter. The milk is then expanded to 107 degrees F. by a current of warm air. The milk expands to vapor, the air current carries off the water, and the solids fall in powder.

GOWN GOSSIP.

Ringdresses of all sorts and sizes are worn with winter frocks.

Long, wrinkled sleeves of net are proving a notable feature of many of the latest evening frocks.

Draped sleeves, rather full a little above the elbow and close fitting from the elbow to well over the hand, are very becoming.

Soft, heavily embroidered Japanese cuts that turn back from the land are much worn. They are a feature of the Eton coats and of the long cloaks.

The plaited skirt is rapidly passing. From the exclusive couturier's viewpoint it has already gone. The new model, somewhat like the sister of trailing propensities, is cut circular, circular gored.

Chinese and oriental embroideries of all kinds are having a very special vogue—in mixed colors, of course, worked with silk or tinsel thread.

These look best on black dresses, while the more delicate and worked with colors is much worn on calico and light dresses for home and evening wear.—New York Sun.

THE ROYAL BOX.

The German emperor never travels in a motor car. King Leopold has just settled a sum of £120,000 on the child of his morganatic marriage with the Baroness.

The Grand Duke Alexis, the czar's son, now three years and three months old, is one of the handsomest of the royal children in Europe.

Prince Denmark, aged twenty, weighs 336 lbs. and is growing. He is the heaviest of European royalty. He has a jolly disposition.

The late Duke of Devonshire, who frequently referred to as "Edred" very obviously derived from the royal lineage, Edward here. Prior to his assumption of the crown he was frequently known as "Berrie" and by the other members of the royal family as "the goblin."

Gathering Fossies



JACK and Jill went up the hill
On a bright spring morning;
But they had no fall to fill,
I must give you warning.

Where Pets Are Made Well

IT SEEMS strange to talk about a "hospital for animals," doesn't it? Yet the London Hospital on High street, London, is devoted to this very purpose. And one of its best features is that poor people need pay nothing for treatment given their pets.

Almost every conceivable kind of animal is to be found here, but horses, donkeys, dogs, cats, rabbits and birds are most numerous among the patients. Usually, they grow well rapidly, for the best known of London's veterinary surgeons (the canine specialist to the king among them) volunteer their services to Mr. J. Hartshorn, by whom the hospital is managed.

But not always is there such friend-

Just one reason they should roam—
And there is no other
Don't you see they're bringing home
A bouquet for mother?

Legend of the Envious Fisherman

NO NEED was there for Job's discontentment. As a fisherman he was always lucky in his catches; he owned a pretty little home; his wife was devoted to him, and his three little daughters loved him dearly; he had even laid by a goodly sum of money for a "best case."

But whenever the young lord would



JOB RECEIVES THE BAG

ride by on a magnificent stallion, or the wealthy squire would go by on the other side of the street, or there would pass any one perhaps of more fortunate station or circumstances than he, Job would be smitten with envy.

One day as he sat fishing from a great rock, a sudden tug came on his line. Job pulled vigorously. The next instant, to his astonishment, he jerked from the water a comical little elf.

The dwarf, without a moment's hesitation, drew from his jerkin a sack. He deposited this at the feet of the fisherman, saying, as he did so:

"Job, every time you reach into this bag you will find a gold coin. Daily together all the coins you desire until sundown. After that time I warn you not to touch the sack."

Without more ado the elf vanished. Coin after coin Job took from the bag. Working with feverish excitement, gold-mounds lay all around him when he began to realize that the sun was about to set.

"I suppose I'd better stop now," said he to himself.

But just then he happened to observe the great towers of the neighboring castle, and the ambition came to him to be ever so much wealthier than this lord, so he proceeded to bring forth more coins.

All at once the sun, which had been vanishing fast, gold and all, with it.

"'Twas the elf's warning!" moaned Job.

Then he awoke, for, you see, it was only a dream. But it was a dream that set Job to thinking about extravagance and the ambition came to him to be ever so much wealthier than this lord, so he proceeded to bring forth more coins.

Many visitors came into the churchyard to examine the slab and to talk of the heroic death of this martyred noble boy.

A Difference.

James-Toothache again, eh? I'd have the thing pulled out if it were mine. Jacob—So would I, if it were yours.

Tom, the Water Baby



Foreword to Tom, the Water Baby—Adapted from Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," one of the children's stories that "never grow old."

TOM had been a very much over-worked chimney-sweep, but as a water-baby he was very happy. He did not remember having been dirty, nor did he remember being tired, or hungry, or beaten, or sent up dark chimneys. He had forgot ten all about his life as a chimney-sweep.

At times he went along the smooth gravel waterways looking at the crickets which ran in and out among the stones, as rabbits do on land; or he would climb over the lodged of rocks and look at the snappers; or he would watch the little adders eating dead sticks and building their houses.

He saw one begin with pebbles and then stick on pieces of green wood, then shells and pink stones, until it was patched all over like an Irishman's coat. Then she found a long straw, five times as long as herself, and said:

"Hurrah, my sister has a tail and I'll have some more and she'll stick it on her back and march about quite proudly."

There was a strange little fellow, too, who crawled on the top of a house built of round bricks. He had two big wheels and some little ones over teeth, spinning round and round like a top, and a round machine and Tom stood and stared at him.

What he did he was doing. It was brick-making. He was doing it. He was swept together all that was nice in the mud he put into his stomach; all the rest went into the wheel on his back, which made of it mud, hard, round bricks. These he took and stuck on the top of his house and tried to talk to him, but the brick-maker was much too busy to take any notice of him.

All things in the water talk, and Tom soon knew what they said. One day he came to a pool full of little trout, and he began to talk to them and to catch them, but they slipped through his fingers and jumped clear out of the water in his fright. But Tom still chased them, and came close to a great, dark hole under a root of a big tree, when out came a huge, old brown trout, ten times as big as he was, and ran right against Tom. It knocked him out of breath, and he was so frightened that he ran under a bank to hide. There he saw a very dirty, dirty creature, crawling about half as big as himself. It had six legs, a big stomach, and its head and two great eyes were just like his own.

"Oh!" said Tom, "you are ugly!" and he tried to put his face at him. But he was so frightened that he ran and out popped a long arm with a pair of pliers at the end of it, and it caught Tom by the nose.

"Then let me go!" cried Tom. "Oh! let me go!" said the creature, "I won't be quiet. I want to split." "Then he would let him alone and the pliers let Tom go.

TOM'S ADVENTURES

"Why do you want to split?" asked Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split and turned into beautiful flies with wings, and I want to split, too. Do not speak to me. I am sure I shall split—I will split."

Tom stood still and watched him, and he

he averted up and pined and stretched himself out stiff, and crack, puff, bang! his back split up and out came a most lovely, slender fly, but very frail and weak, like a little child who had been ill a long time. It moved its legs very feebly and began to walk up a grass stem to the top of the water.

Tom could not speak for wonder. The fly grew strong, and the most lovely colors, blue, yellow and black spots, came all over it, and its wings were like brown gauze.

"Oh, you beautiful thing!" said Tom, and he put out his hand to catch it. But the thing flew up in the air.

"No!" it said, "you cannot catch me. I am a dragon-fly now, the king of all flies, and I will dance in the sunshine

When Rising is Difficult

ASK a person to lean back in a chair and hold his arms out.

Place your forefinger upon his forehead. Even though you exert very little pressure, he will find the greatest difficulty in rising.



LITTLE PRESSURE IS REQUIRED

and catch gnats," and with this he flew away into the air.

"Oh, come back! come back!" cried Tom. "I have no one to play with, if you will come back I will not try to catch you."

"I do not care whether you do or not," said the dragon-fly, "for you cannot." And away it flew. "I will come back and talk to you some day," it called back.

One day Tom was sitting on a water-lily leaf with his friend the dragon-fly, who had come back for a talk with him, when suddenly Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream, like grunting and whining.

He looked up and saw a great round thing, all soft brown fur, rolling over and over down the stream. Tom asked the dragon-fly what it was, but he was not know.

It turned out to be a beautiful animal four or five times as big as Tom and it was swimming about and rolling and diving. There were a lot of these called

water-babies, and Tom was the biggest of them saw Tom she started out and cried:

"Quick, children! here is something to eat!" and came right at Tom, showing a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth. Tom slipped into the foetus of the water-lily as quick as he could.

"Come out," said the otter, for that is what it was.

But Tom looked out and shook his head.

"Come, children," said the otter in disgust. "It is not worth eating after all, it is only a nasty elf."

"You are an elf," said the otter. "I know you are; you may stay there until the salmon eat you up."

"What are salmon?" asked Tom. "Fish, you elf, fish."

"Where do they come from?" asked Tom.

"Out of the sea, elf, the great wide sea," the otter said, and then turned away and sailed down the stream. But Tom could not help thinking about the sea, and as he thought he longed to go and see the salmon and the great sea.

Toward evening it grew suddenly dark. The thunder roared and Tom looked up and saw the lightning flash. He could hardly stand against the stream, which ran swiftly. The otter came past him with all her family, and when she saw Tom she called out:

"Come down to the sea with us!" "I don't stay 'way from me!" Tom called, "everything is going in the sea," he thought, "I will go with you."

"Good-bye, trout!" he called, as he went away to the wide sea.

Strangely Affected.

Learned Youth—Physicians say cold weather affects the nerves.

The Affected One—Yes, when a fellow gets so he feels awful timid and nervous about getting out of bed in the morning.

The Dancing Lesson



"NOW, boys and girls, each point your toes—
Just look at me, and point it so.
You know, my dears, I learnt to dance
In that graceful country, France;
And having been so nicely taught,

I move, of course, as dancers ought.
And only think how grand 'twill be
To have it said you dance like me.
So, now, my dears, each point your toes,
Just look at me, and point it so."



THE DOGKEY IS MOST PATIENT

Twining away dies from one leg. As I have occasionally been fitted with false teeth or even glass eyes.

Introduction Sale.

Surprising! Astonishing! Startling!

IT COMMENCES WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3rd

Hurry. Ends Saturday, June 20th. Hurry.

LOOK AT THE PRICES

WORKING SHIRTS

"I Crow Over All" Brand

Regular \$1.10, going at 80c.
 " 1.00, " 70c.
 " 75, " 55c.

BLACK SATEEN

Regular \$1.25, going at 95c.
 " 1.00, " 80c.

Twill SERGE

Regular \$1.50, going at \$1.05
 " 1.25, " 95

HEAVY WOOL SHIRTS

Regular \$1.50, going at \$1.05
 " 1.25, " 95

OVERALLS

I Crow Brand, regular \$1.50 going at \$1.15

" 1.25 " 95c.

" 1.00 " 75c.

Everything at the same great

Reduction for cash.

MEN'S CLOTHING

Regular \$20.00, going at \$15

" 18.50, " 14

" 15.00, " 11

" 11.50, " 8.75

" 10.50, " 7.75

BOY'S SUITS Two Piece

Regular \$17.50, going at \$12.50

" 3.25, " 2.40

" 3.00, " 2.25

" 2.75, " 2.15

Three Piece

Regular \$4.00, going at \$3.25

" 3.75, " 3.00

MEN'S PANTS

Regular \$5.00, going at \$3.50

" 4.50, " 3.25

" 4.25, " 3.00

" 2.75, " 2.20

" 2.00, " 1.45

BOY'S PANTS

CORD. Regular \$1.75, going at \$1.35

" 1.00, " 1.25

" 1.25, " 1.00

" 1.15, " .95

" 1.00, " .80

" .85, " .75

" .85, " .65

TWEED. Regular 1.15, " .90

" 1.00, " .75

" .85, " .70

" .85, " .65

COLLARS

The Success Linen, regular 20c, going at 10c

20th Century " 20c " 15c

Rubber " 20c " 15c

FINE SHIRTS

White, regular \$1.75, for \$1.15

Negligee " 1.25, " .65c

" 1.00, " .50c

White flannel " 2.50, " 1.75

BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR

Reg. 75c go at 55c

" 50c " 40c

" 60c " 45c

SLICKERS

Reg. \$4.50 going at \$3.75

" 3.50 " 2.75

Everything at the same great

Reduction for cash.

I have taken over the furnishing store from O. J. Weber and am taking this means of introducing myself to the people of Crossfield and vicinity. Buy now and save money.

D. G. HARVIE, The Toggery.

Two Football

Victories

This week we have to record the playing of two football matches in both of which our boys were victorious. The first was played here on Saturday with a team that Didsbury had considered good enough to beat us. It never does to be too sure of one's own powers and in this case Didsbury got left for they returned home with a score of 2 to 0 against them.

The weather conditions were not the best but both teams bravely faced the elements and carried the game through.

The play was fair and clean and no knock outs are reported. Richardson Handcock and MacCrimmon for the home team played exceptionally well.

The boys and a number of interested followers went to Bowden on Tuesday and met the team there. The boys were determined not to spoil the good beginning they made on Saturday and they won the game by a score of 5 to 0. It was notable that only one lady, Mrs. Cameron, was sufficiently interested in our boys success to go up to see the game. Her presence and that of the other visitors who accompanied the team was appreciated by the players. Let there be a good turn-out of onlookers to view the matches and encourage the team.

Ladies' Aid.

On Wednesday the Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bliss and had a most enjoyable time. There was plenty of sunshine inside, although there were plenty of clouds without. All regretted the loss of Mrs. Jones, the treasurer, who is leaving town and hoped that their loss would be her gain.

Another report states that after the usual business meeting—which they are always glad to have over—a very dainty tea was served and the rest of the time spent with music and song. Miss Dumble Bliss assisted her mother very beautifully in entertaining the ladies. She wore a pale blue silk chiffon dress trimmed in a dainty lace. Mrs. Bliss wore a very becoming gown of silver gray. Those present were: Mrs. Collins, Thomas, Armstrong, MacCrimmon, Reid, Patterson, Onks, Bishop and Miss Louise Collins who looked sweet in white. After tea Mr. Lewis Bliss very kindly took a photo of the ladies there.

FOOTBALL.

The following is the schedule of games to be played in the Southern section of the Football League.

May 30—Didsbury at Crossfield.
 May 30—Bowden at Olds.
 June 2—Crossfield at Bowden.
 June 2—Olds at Carstairs.
 June 5—Carstairs at Olds.
 June 6—Bowden at Didsbury.
 June 9—Didsbury at Carstairs.
 June 9—Olds at Crossfield.
 June 13—Crossfield at Didsbury.
 June 13—Carstairs at Bowden.
 June 16—Bowden at Crossfield.
 June 20—Crossfield at Carstairs.
 June 20—Olds at Didsbury.
 June 23—Carstairs at Crossfield.
 June 23—Didsbury at Bowden.
 June 27—Bowden at Carstairs.
 June 27—Crossfield at Olds.

Montreal Herald and Star and the Crossfield Chronicle from now till the end of the year for only 70 cents. You cannot get two good weekly papers at this price every day. Take the chance now.

ROOMS.—Two furnished rooms to let, light and sunny, two minutes from Post Office and Stores. Apply Mrs. J. Hall-Brown.

FOR SALE. 160 acres, Good homes and barn, close to timber, spring water, five horses and wagon, all included for \$14 an acre. All land can be broken and is 15 miles from four towns. Half cash and 8 years on balance. Apply to Chronicle Office.

South Africa's Locusts.
 Millions and millions of locusts settle, and millions and millions continue flying to settle further on. They have been settling in myriads for a hundred miles and more, and yet enough are left flying to hide the sun. On the ground nothing can be seen but locusts. So thickly do they pack that not a square inch of earth or grass is visible. As you walk through them a narrow wake is left for a few seconds in your track where they have flown out of your way, and as they rise in thousands before your feet the noise of their winged host is like an electric power station.—47 Grand Magazine.

STRAYED.—One black mare, star in forehead and white right hind foot. Also iron gray mare one year old. Neither are branded. Strayed from my place on sec. 35, tp. 28, r. 26, w. of 4th. 20 miles East. p. o. Crossfield. I. Hagel.



It's not the fault of the watch, it's the engineers' fault. No matter how bad your watch is bring it in to us. We can fix it up. A full line of Jewelry kept in stock.

McKee & Co.

Jas. McCool

ISSUER OF
 MARRIAGE LICENSES
 and
 AUCTIONEER.

Any orders left at the Chronicle office will be promptly attended to.

Disc Sharpening.

JOHN FREW

Begs to announce to the public that he has received a Disc Sharpener and will be able to sharpen all sizes of discs.

Ploughshares and all kinds of country work promptly attended to.

ATTENTION! WHY Be Without A Newspaper?

In addition to the yearly Clubbing Rate of \$2 of the Herald and Star, Winnipeg Free Press and Crossfield Chronicle, we have succeeded in arranging a

SPECIAL TILL END OF YEAR OFFER

THE MONTREAL FAMILY HERALD AND STAR,
 And CROSSFIELD CHRONICLE, both together for **70c.**

This Extraordinary Offer of two good weekly papers for the rest of this year for 70 cents will not remain in force very long. Now's your chance.

